





## Excels All

For Purity, Flavour and Aroma

# "SALADA"

TEA

If you have not tried it, send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Leaders of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destiny of Canada Will Be in Their Hands.

### Dear Boys and Girls:

How quickly the time passes. I seem almost no time since we had Thanksgiving with us, and in a few weeks more, Christmas will be here. I wonder how many of you have the true Christmas spirit, and I wonder if asked how many could tell me that the true Christmas spirit is. Well I will tell you, it is the spirit of UNSELFISHNESS. That is, really, the spirit of the present giving, the unselfish desire to show appreciation of friendship by giving something which one values to the dear friend.

The Christmas spirit, or the spirit of the Christ, should be with us all the year round. Not that we should be giving more to each other all the year round, but there are so many gifts which children can give to their parents, to their teachers, to their friends, and so many useful gifts of obedience, kindness, thoughts for others, kindness, thoughtfulness, and brother, sister and brother.

What wonderful and rare gifts are these and if it were not for very little time on the prairie to earn them, we would almost have a heaven on earth. I am sure that each one of you, in your hearts, have a desire to work while in life. Won't you believe me when I tell you that every unselfish action of yours, even if it is a small one, is a great one. Do some little duty cheerfully done to save some older person trouble makes you feel that you are worth while and makes easier a successful future. So begin today to exercise the true spirit of Christmas, and you will enjoy Christmas when it comes so much the more.

Now, with love to you every one and trusting that you will each think of the little sermon I have preached to you, I will end my talk. I am, as ever,

Affectionately yours,

KATHLEEN MELROSE.

Age 11 years.

### RIP VAN WINKLE

From an opening between the trees he could see all the lower country for many a mile, and, as he lay at a distance, the lordly Hudson far, far below him, moving on its majestic course, with the red and purple sunset behind it, and a host of a laggard bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last lost in the dark, dark mountains. The sun set over the valley; he saw that it would be dark "long before he could reach the village, and he turned his thoughts to the thought of facing Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance calling him, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around but could see nothing in the crowd of people, and, as he lay in the mountains, he thought his fancy must have deceived him and he turned again to descend when he heard the voice again, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

He turned his back and giving a loud groan slumped to his side, looking fearfully down at the gien.

Rip Van Winkle, who had been stealing over him, he looked anxiously in the same direction, and a strange figure turned to the back, and, bending under the weight of something to be carried

on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this unoccupied place; but supposing it to be some of the neighbors in need of assistance, he hastened down to

(Continued.)

### GULLIVER GOES TO THE CAPITAL

By the Emperor's order the physician had mingled a sleeping potion in the wine given to Gulliver, and he had been carried to a description of the way in which he was taken to the Lilliputian capital. He had been received by a small army of engineers and carpenters and drawn by fifteen hundred of the Emperor's largest horses. There was a temple, the capital an ancient temple, the largest in the kingdom. The great hall of the temple was about two feet wide and through this he managed to creep. To the portal of that temple he had to pass for a time through his left hand.

Some hundred thousand of the inhabitants came out to view him and his progress. The Emperor was there. He continued to lie on the ground of the temple for about a fortnight, when the Emperor, who had been led to him by his six hundred beds of the common measure being used for a parapet, said, "I will have a general was issued ordering all the villages, some hundred yards apart, to give up their food and drink, payment for which was to be made from the Imperial Treasury. The Emperor, who was a very efficient for the support of nine hundred thousand men, was different indeed to the little girl of her dreams and she sighed, "Oh dear! That's catching the thread of his family history again."

"A sometimes Marfa dear,

should come into your room, and bring you a box of chocolates, and some home from school, and we would have such a nice time together! I should not want to go away from you, you know," said the Emperor. "Well, perhaps you would like to stay with Marfa tonight. Glory, the girl who had been staying with Marfa, said, "I am not able to stay with Marfa, but I have just got lodgings at the edge of the stream and so she escaped with her life."

After some time afterwards a man with a gun attempted to shoot the dove but just as he took aim and fired, the dove puffed up its feathers and the back of his boot and hit his leg so hard that he gave a sudden start which caused him to miss his aim. The dove flew up and down the trees and a bright, sunny place. Yet the sight of the dove place he was attracted to her body to love her.

"Oh, Glory," said Marfa, when attention had been quite arrested by Glory's vivid imagination, "you have got somebody to stay with you, and I am very hungry. Come up and wash me, and I will be your mother."

As soon as the dog heard him sprang up and barked furiously. The ox again tried to get at the boy, but the dog threatened to bite him if he came near. The ox then said:

"Why will you not let me eat?" "That doesn't matter," snarled the dog, "if I cannot eat it myself, I won't let anybody else eat it either."

SELFISHNESS IS ONE OF THE UGLIEST FAULTS WE HAVE.

No Laughing Matter. I don't know who he laughs at danger, don't you?" "No, I think he's a mighty poor sense of humor." —Boston Transcript.

We offer—

### DOMINION OF CANADA VICTORY BONDS

to yield 5.68% to 6.84% (price according to maturity)

### PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN BONDS

to yield 6.50% to 6.75% (price according to maturity)

Delivery will be made at any Bank free of exchange charge.

### HAMILTON & CO.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES LTD.

Canada Life Building

REGINA

## THE CALL, GLEICHEN, ALTA.

### "Martha"

or  
THE HOME OF  
HER ADOPTION

BY E. L.

(All Rights Reserved)

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## Buy a Farm



YOU often dream of buying a farm and just as often you dismiss the idea, saying, "But it would need capital to do that!" Why not start to plan now? A few dollars a month will do a great deal. You will soon be saving every week and you will soon have enough to buy a farm.

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Cluny Branch - W. M. Somerville, Manager

ESTABLISHED 1872

The successful business man knows the value of saving. In all probability the habit of saving made him successful. You may get on the right road to success by depositing your money so that when your opportunity comes you may be prepared to take advantage of it.

**BANK OF HAMILTON**  
Milo Branch T-8A, Milver, Act.-Mgr.

A Savings Pass Book is the Best Christmas Gift Book  
For Your Children

Start the New Year with a Savings Account for each one of them in

The Royal Bank of Canada

Total Resources - \$350,000,000

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We have just completed our big coal shed and expect to have a supply of coal at all times. We sell MONARCH LUMP "Drumhellers' Best"

Nice bright lumps. Drop in and see it

See us for your Storm Sash and Storm Doors. Our stock is complete

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**Henderson & Mallory**

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"Personal Attention" "Absolute Security"

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**Universal Garage**  
SCOTT BROS. Props.

Our Treble Man will give you  
"Expert Advice"  
on all make of Car.  
Free of Charge.

Bring us your Disabled Generators. Magnets and Carburetors.

Phone 81, GLEICHEN, P.O. Drawer 28

## THE GLEICHEN CALL

W. PARK RYAN, PROPRIETOR

Member of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association, Canadian Press Association  
Published Every Thursday in The Heart of a Wonderfully Rich Farming and Ranching District.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 Per Year. Foreign Countries \$2.50  
ADVERTISES RATES—Display \$5.00 per Column Inch First Insertion and \$2.00 for each subsequent insertion. Letters accepted only with display ad at \$2.00 per Column Inch.

Exchange Must be added to Checks

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1930

## Another Blow to Farmers

One of the most unfortunate situations in connection with the present price of wheat is that many farmers who delivered their produce to elevators early in the season and obtained advances at the high prices then ruling, have been notified that these advances now approximate the market value of the wheat, and that the grain will be sold to cover the elevators against loss. It is stated that according to the Grain Act the elevators are entitled to do this.

This does not merely apply to wheat, but to all other cereals. P. Baker, one of directors of the U.F.A. mentioned to the Calgary Herald that a case had just come under his notice where a farmer had received an advance of \$700 on 1,200 bushels of oats and he had been informed by the bank that he would have to deliver a further 500 bushels to meet the difference between what had been advanced and the present market price.

"The present set of conditions," said Mr. Baker, "is thoroughly arousing farmers to a realization of their position, and is doing more for the formation of a co-operative marketing pool than anything else could have done".

Mr. Baker agreed that such a pool could not fix the price of wheat, but it could prevent a huge quantity being dumped on the market at any one time. In other words the wheat would be placed on the market as called for by the demand. The further working out of the plan, he said, would be discussed by the special committee that was appointed by the Canadian Board of Agriculture on December 6th and 7th.

About the only consolation the farmer can derive from the drop in the price of grain is that for several years past they have not had the market worries that other business people have had to contend with every day.

## Local and District News

Dec. 22—Annual Christmas Tree in Union Church.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Notice to Anglians. Keep Dec. 2nd evening free for a representative program.

Don't forget the big entertainment and dance by Leslie Grossmith and party, Monday, Dec. 6th.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Andrew's Church will hold a winter dance and sale of work and refreshments cooking in the G.W.V.A. Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 17, at 8 p.m.

On Friday evening, December 3rd, the ladies of the local U.F.W.A. are giving a social evening in the hall of the Gleichen Masonic Hall. A supper is to be served, a short program given and a social hour spent. An invitation is extended to all farm ladies as well as members.

The Queenston Women's Institute will hold a bazaar on Friday evening, December 3rd, in the Operatic Hall at Mile. The special attractions will be a splendid program and a gypsy fortune telling booth. After the sale of the various farm and useful articles supper will be served in cafeteria style. Admission 25¢ at the door. Everybody welcome.

**NOTICE**—Address of P. Beckert, Manager of Gleichen, to be informed of his call.

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# QUITTING BUSINESS

## Dry Goods, Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Boots & Shoes, Groceries

**S. A. Hall** after 11 years of successful merchandising in Gleichen is closing out his general store business, and

For the next few days you will witness the Most Ruthless Slaughter of Merchandise ever attempted in this district. - - - Sale Opens Friday Morning at 9:30.

<b>Men's Oxford Shirts</b> Different Designs, Value to \$3.50 for \$1.89	<b>Silk Neck Ties</b> Values to \$1.50..... for 35c.	<b>Pure Wool Socks</b> Extra Heavy, Reg. \$1.35..... for 95c.	<b>Men's Jersey Mitts</b> Reg. 80c. for 35c. Buckskin \$4.50 for \$3.65
<b>Boys Suits</b> All our Boys Suits will be offered at less than Wholesale Prices. We have a good full line in TWEEDS, and SERGES. All Sizes	<b>Men's Pants.</b> homespun Pants. Good Patterns. All Sizes. \$9.75 and 10 value for <b>\$7.95</b> Corduroy Pants, Fawn Color, Reg. \$9 for \$7.45	<b>Snagproof Overalls.</b> Blue Stripe, Strap and Bib, Sizes 32 to 42.	<b>Linoleum.</b> Big Assortment of Patterns. Make your Choice Early. \$1.75 Value for, per square yd., <b>\$1.29</b>
<b>Best English Prints</b> All Patterns and Colors, Reg. 60c. for 48c Galatas, Nurse Cloth, Shirts, Romper Cloth. Reg. 60c. and 65c. Values for 49c.	<b>Men's Hats</b> We are offering a full line of Men's High Grade Felt Hats in all Sizes Values to \$5.00 for \$1.95	<b>GROCERY SPECIALS</b>	<b>Overcoats</b> Good Beaver Cloth with Fur Collar, Reg. \$36.00 for \$27.50 Ulsters—Pure Wool Cloth, Reg. \$38.00 Values for \$24.50 Wrappertettes 50c for 49c
<b>Congoleum Rugs</b> Some of the best patterns are now in Stock. All at Special Prices.	<b>Size 6x9 for \$12.95</b> <b>Size 9x10<sup>1</sup>2 for \$19.45</b> <b>7<sup>1</sup>2x9 for 15.45</b> <b>9x12 for 23.95</b> Make your Selection Early.	<b>Penman's</b> DIRECTORIES for Girls and Women, \$1.25 Values for 99c. Child's Sleeper, Prices lined \$1.50 for \$1.29 Wrappertettes 50c for 49c	<b>UNDERWEAR</b> Men's Undershirts—Hewson's—All Wool, \$2.50 Value for <b>\$1.50</b> Penman's Wool, ..... \$1.50 for 99c Hewson's Extra Heavy Shirt ..... Reg. \$6.50, for <b>\$5.45</b>
<b>House Dresses</b> Made from Best of Prints. Full Range of Sizes. \$4.00 Values for \$2.99 \$2.50 Values for \$1.69	<b>Aples, cooking special, box</b> See our shelves for dozens of other specials	<b>Extra Special</b> Flannelette Blankets, Size 11-4, \$3.45 Flannelette Blanket, Size 12-4, \$4.45 Crib Blankets, 30x40, Cortex finish, \$2.25 for \$1.89 Crib Blankets, 35x45, Cortex finish, \$2.50 for \$1.79	

Hundreds of Bargains that are not Advertised

Children's Patent, with Colored Kid Top, Reg. \$3 for \$2.15

Infants' Kid Button Boot Bag: \$2.59 for \$1.98

Boat Box Galf Boat Box \$7.25 for \$6.19

## Boys' Box Car Book

### Boys' Solid Leather

Minnes' Kid Boots, Reg. \$1

1000

1. *On the Nature of the Human Species* (1859) by Charles Darwin

# BOOTS & SHOES FOR EVERYONE

Girls' Leather School Boot, Reg. \$8.50 for \$4.98  
Women's Chocolate or Black Kid Boots, Value \$15 for \$10.79  
Men's HightClassed Boots, Value \$16.50 for \$12.89  
Men's Boxcal' Boot, Reg. \$11.50 for \$8.89  
Ladies and Misses Boots, \$6 50 Values for \$4.55

## PEOPLE, BOOKS AND THINGS

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE OF MATTERS—TREATED IN LIGHTER VEIN

**MAYOR BROWN OF MEDICINE HAT** and a million dollars—beside, the *BONNIE BRIAR BUSH*—an epic of a doctor, Cal-Gary and its surroundings.

Major Brown of Medicine Hat is a wonder. The man can express himself in words when first he precipitated himself into western politics. Mr. Brown is "making things happen." About six months ago he decided that the vacant lands in Western Canada needed to be populated. A dash of characteristic energy he set himself to work to get the population.

Now, population, or any other good thing cannot usually be had without money. Major Brown was of the opinion that to do the job well about a million dollars was required. He was not going to be content to just dangle the people down to the West and leave it to chance whether they succeeded or not. They had first to be brought to the country, and then looked after. Money had to be available to render them proper assistance and to tide them over the lean years.

So Mr. Brown set himself to get the money and the population added. He enlisted the assistance of a few good western men like Major James of Regina and D. H. McDonald of Fort Qu'Appelle, and journeyed to the east where they met with success. In a short time and his confidants succeeded in impressing the big eastern concerns with the advantage which would accrue to Canada if the aforesaid vacant lands were settled up, and he got the goods. He returned to Medicine Hat a few days later with the guarantee of a cool million in his pocket. Major Brown is the kind of westerner who makes things happen all right. More power to him. By the way, the intention is to specialize in British settlers. This is as it should be.

I was in a city far from home recently. It was a Monday night and I decided to spend the evening in a book store to buy something to wile away the loneliness. I was sick of frothy American magazines, and erotic best sellers. I fell upon a copy of Ian MacLaren's *Wise and Wicked*, the scintillating description of Scotch character and incident. "Beside The Bonnie Briar Bush," and I bought it and took it to my hotel with me.

The place was Calgary, and although my wife and I had "hung our crane" there, in the time of our youth, many years had intervened; most of the familiar faces had vanished into the mist, the landmarks had changed, and it was a strange city.

On the book in my pocket and walking out across the Elbow River, I climbed the old Mission hill, and sat down on an eminence and looked out over a wonderful panorama. The city with its fine buildings, handsome homes and lovely parks, the mountains, the valley between the Elbow and the Bow river; to the north was a range of low hills; to the eastward the sky came down to meet the level prairie; the Macleod trail which in the old days had been the trading highway had passed over a rolling country to the southward; while far to the west the lowly summits of the Rockies, cold, clear and passionless, stood like monuments of eternity.

Up there I lay my length on the wholesome earth, and with the soft western wind stirring the prairie grasses, I was in Ian MacLaren's masterpiece, and by its magic was transported to the scenes of my youth—to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood."

There are three authors who have achieved distinction in what has been called in derision, "the Kailyard" species of Scottish stories—Barrie, Crockett and MacLaren. Barrie tells a dramatic tale; he is a melodramatist. He has tenderness and insight that is charming and beautiful; but, he does not really know intimately the strong, stern, gentle heart that is Scotland. Crockett, who gave us *Up the 'Mornin' Wind*, a broken covenant and a permanent Kirk, only once rises to real heights, and that is in the idyl of the Galloway land named "A Lil' Lass Sunbonnet." To my mind there is nothing so true of rural life as Scotland, its Calvinistic religion; and their dark and brooding country, as Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

Read you, oh ye souls, and if it does not bring moisture to your eyes and gentleness to your hearts you are not true sons of the hearth hills.

Of all the little tales in that book I like the story of William McClure, the rough Scott doctor, the best. A strange, grotesque figure he was, ministering to all sorts of ills, and in his spare time riding up the dark dales of the Grampians to carry relief to the sick and suffering of the Highland glens. His white "fees" with the gentle eyes bore him across dark, muddled waters, over rocky inlets, and up the steep breaths of mountains on many a brawling spree. He was a big raw-boned man of ungainly figure. He had never walked freely since "Jes" came down a bank with him in a mountain pass, one winter's night of storm and snow.

And he wore queer clothes. He was a rough, stout fellow at first. He was a rough scotsman and his instruments and medicines were in the saddle bags; and he was again a gentle soul, with his arms, but as he rose in the stirrups.

If you have read the book you will mind the time when Dr. MacLaren's wife, Mrs. MacLaren, was in the life of Saunders, the grinning scotsman, the Scot who calls the foreman, on Drumhough's farm. The fashionable London doctor who was a guest at Lord Kispinden's shooting hotel, had pulled on his gloves, given his coat to his maid, and taken his departure.

The farmer was trying to give some rude comfort to the stricken wife when the sound of flying hoofbeats down the road indicated that Dr. MacLure was on his way.

He stopped at the door.

He entered the room muddled and booted, and bent over the sick man with the tenderness of a mother. "Come Dr. MacLure, we'll try to get you to bed."

He lay him down on the floor, and when dawn came over the hills, Saunders slept and his life was saved.

But I like the story best where the doctor with his wife and Miss Ward, was Dr. MacLure's skill. There was but one chance. A great city specialist of whom he knew might pull her through, but her face was a hundred guineas. There was a dour farmer up the glen; a hard-bitten, and one of the most unfeeling human beings I have ever seen. His stoic and querulous. It was cold wintry weather, but Jess hearing the doctor, breasted the hill to the farmhouse and he told his tale. The money was forthcoming and

a wire to Edinburgh brought the great surgeon to that lonely place. It is an epic that tells of the drive through the river in winter flood to reach the bedside of the sick woman, and the tenderness that saved her life; and how the famous doctor tore up the cheque tendered for his services.

There is much more of it, but we would recommend the reading to those who take the trouble to read this article. Some of our western doctors might profit by its perusal.

There were some good worthies who used to make their habitat at the old Royal Hotel in Calgary which stood on the corner of Stephen Avenue—or Eighth Avenue, as it is now called—on the site of the old Hotel Bow, the first hotel in Calgary, some 20 years ago. The Royal belonged to the late James Reilly, a picture-que and well known old timer. Mr. Reilly came from the city of Sherbrooke, in the province of Quebec, and was a man of great energy. He was a member of the Calvinistic religion; and their dark and brooding country, as Ian MacLaren's "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

At the period of which I write the hotel was operated by Norman Jackson, a "brother Scot" who had gone to his old school in Edinburgh and he also had a pretty good assortment of Scotchmen with a most discriminating taste in whiskey around him.

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; having to work at either agriculture or a trade is not to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike the calm and peaceful. The forenoon, who is a man of the fore, claimed to be the only two members of the Liberal persuasion south of the Bow river.

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"Tammie" Burns, who afterwards became city treasurer, and was nearly as Scottish as Harry the Fat, was always the centre of the group. Then there was a Welsh architect named J. L. Williams who was almost stone deaf and who invented the most amazing contrivances to propound to his friends.

Mr. Burns, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Thompson and a young lady, who was greatly admired by the three gentlemen, always sat at one table. The table was round between Mssrs. Thompson and Burns who were both over sixty years of age. They used to jockey for position, and the first at the table usually got the company of the young lady. In this Scotch aggressiveness Mr. Burns was usually successful. One day, however, his deus ex hunc deo kept him away, and Mr. Thompson was assiduously attending to the lady. Mr. Thompson was always good company, and the two old Scotchmen, two or three hundred pounds each, stalked after him in the most dignified manner and lay down beside his chair. On this occasion Burns found his usual position pre-empted by his rival. He stepped aside, however, to let the lady have the chair, and began immediately to talk to her. Thompson was on his feet in a minute. "Sir," he said, "How dare you touch my dog?" "Ah well," said Burns, composedly sealing himself. Thompson's dog was a very shaggy animal, and the two old scotsmen sat down on the top of my boat to their master. Mr. Thompson belligerently glared at him and there might have been a fine scrap right there, had Mr. Wilson not seized the opportunity to present his pipe to the lady. "I am afraid of dogs," he said. "What does a lettuce blush?" Mr. Burns glared at him and said "Hold your whilst" and Mr. Thompson said "I'm sure I don't care." The young lady, however, eager to relieve the embarrassing situation, asked at Mr. Wilson, "Do us tell us the answer, we never could guess it." Wilson replied: "Oh, it's quite easy, the lettuce blushes when it sees the salad dressing." Everyone laughed and peace was restored.

All that summer night the two men worked, carrying cold clear water from the spring, in which they immersed the unconscious efforts to allay the fever that was consuming him. When dawn came over the hills, Saunders slept and his life was saved.

There were others who were not Scotch, however who visited the Royal. John R. Thompson, who at one time was home instead inspector and a noted breed of hockeys, was always in evidence. Mr. Thompson originated the game of Goufle. One day a young man possible, owing to his great size, was embarrassed when he was asked a question by Mr. Wilson. "Do us tell us the answer, we never could guess it." Wilson replied: "Oh, it's quite easy, the lettuce blushes when it sees the salad dressing." Everyone laughed and peace was restored.

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Military Tribunals  
Supersede Civil  
Courts in Ireland

Stories of crown tribunals in Ireland will be taken over by military courts to the extent of settling civil disputes, infliction of fines and the binding of accused persons over to keep the peace, under the terms of the new Irish bill which was made public recently.

Military courts will also take over the duties of coroners, and will have the power to decide cases without jury. In trials for crimes punishable by death, however, one person, who need not be an officer, shall sit at one of the juries.

He will be appointed by the Vicar Apostolic from his apothecary, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, or the Lord Chief Justice of England. The courts will be given the power to compel witnesses to attend hearings and enforce orders for the presentation of documents. Persons convicted by them may be imprisoned in any part of Great Britain.

The bill makes provision for the excluding of Ulster from the working of the law stipulating that such is effective in the whole or any part of the country.

Courts pay more dividends as a family social and business interest; than any other of man.

A kind word by you not only dispels your own past, but brings in the bud all of the half-formed grousers growing in those about you.

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The table was round between Mssrs. Thompson and Burns who were both over sixty years of age. They used to jockey for position, and the first at the table usually got the company of the young lady. In this Scotch aggressiveness Mr. Burns was usually successful. One day, however, his deus ex hunc deo kept him away, and Mr. Thompson was assiduously attending to the lady. Mr. Thompson was always good company, and the two old Scotchmen, two or three hundred pounds each, stalked after him in the most dignified manner and lay down beside his chair. On this occasion Burns found his usual position pre-empted by his rival. He stepped aside, however, to let the lady have the chair, and began immediately to talk to her.

There were others who were not Scotch, however who visited the Royal. John R. Thompson, who at one time was home instead inspector and a noted breed of hockeys, was always in evidence. Mr. Thompson originated the game of Goufle. One day a young man possible, owing to his great size, was embarrassed when he was asked a question by Mr. Wilson. "Do us tell us the answer, we never could guess it." Wilson replied: "Oh, it's quite easy, the lettuce blushes when it sees the salad dressing." Everyone laughed and peace was restored.

But I like the story best where the doctor with his wife and Miss Ward, was Dr. MacLure's skill. There was but one chance. A great city specialist of whom he knew might pull her through, but her face was a hundred guineas. There was a dour farmer up the glen; a hard-bitten, and one of the most unfeeling human beings I have ever seen. His stoic and querulous. It was cold wintry weather, but Jess hearing the doctor, breasted the hill to the farmhouse and he told his tale. The money was forthcoming and

CHILDREN'S  
CORNER

The Children of Today Are the Parents of Children of Tomorrow. In Years to Come They Will Be in Their Hands.

STORIES, GAMES AND  
CONFIDENTIAL CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls:

I often think of you as living all over this wonderful western country—the biggest country in the world—and wonder if you have found opportunity in the world—whether you have not been fortunate in the world, and whether everybody and where the humbly has opportunity to rise and become an influence for good if he works hard and has the interest of the girls at heart.

He must be appointed by the Vicar Apostolic from his apothecary, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, or the Lord Chief Justice of England. The courts will be given the power to compel witnesses to attend hearings and enforce orders for the presentation of documents. Persons convicted by them may be imprisoned in any part of Great Britain.

The bill makes provision for the excluding of Ulster from the working of the law stipulating that such is effective in the whole or any part of the country.

Courts pay more dividends as a family social and business interest; than any other of man.

A kind word by you not only dispels your own past, but brings in the bud all of the half-formed grousers growing in those about you.

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; having to work at either agriculture or a trade is not to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike the calm and peaceful. The forenoon, who is a man of the fore, claimed to be the only two members of the Liberal persuasion south of the Bow river.

At the period of which I write the hotel was operated by Norman Jackson, a "brother Scot" who had gone to his old school in Edinburgh and he also had a pretty good assortment of Scotchmen with a most discriminating taste in whiskey around him.

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ing to eat or drink. He had no weapon—notthing but a knife, a tobacco pipe and a little tobacco in a box. And night was coming on. All the time that he was in the tree he got up into a thick bushy tree, like a fir, but the tree was tall.

But first of all he walked inland and to his joy found fresh water which revived him. Having drunk and put a little tobacco in his pipe he went to the tree, got up into it and endeavored to so place himself that if he slept he might not fall.

He soon fell asleep. And so sound and he dreamt that he did not wake until it was broad day. He then found that the storm had abated and that the weather was clear.

Next week we will tell you how Crusoe lived in his Island Home.

How to Make a Good  
Nail Box

All of you who live on the farm know how often your father and indeed everybody who is engaged in work there needs nails and a nail box is almost indispensable.

Here is a nail box that is very simple to make and I am sure any boy who is handy with tools could make one.



The middle portion of the frame was cut from a one-inch board six and one-half by twelve inches. The top and bottom were cut from a one-inch board, the bottom being one-half inch wider than the top. The compartments are each four inches in height and width, but are of different lengths. The ends are of three-eighths of an inch board, the bottom cut round to receive the pickings. A piece of tin bent over the ends, forms the sides and bottom of each compartment. A few good size cans will supply the tin, but the top edges should be folded over to prevent cut fingers. A nail box is not a difficult project to make, but it is a good idea to ask a boy to help you with it, and later on we shall have a Service Club of our own, of which I shall tell you more later.

Now please write soon and address your letter to "Aunt Betty," 903, McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Saskatchewan. Yours affectionately, AUNT BETTY.

## Games for a Party

## The Three-Legged Race

Two boys stand together with the inside legs tied firmly together. The person and the ankle. An object is tied in the middle of the two legs and one also stands by.

At the signal "GO" they start to race to a given mark across the room, and the couple who reach there first is the winner. This game causes much merriment, and the boys have a great deal of fun.

## Clothes Pin Race

The players under two leaders are divided into two teams, facing each other. Each leader holds a handful of clothes pins, and at the signal passes them to his neighbor at a time. The object being to pass all the pins down to the other player.

One player drops it, and the other picks it up. The side which gets the pins first wins.

## Jacob and Rachel

There is no game which causes more fun than Jacob and Rachel. It can be played in the playground, or in the home, and is a great deal of fun.

And nobody should labor in evil work, but such was Cain.

To love and help his neighbor,

Oh, what a happy world 'twould be.

For you and me—for you and me!

And if perhaps we both should try

If you and I—just you and I—

Should trust instead of worry;

If we should grow—just you and I—

Kinder and sweeter-hearted,

Perhaps in some near by-and-by

That good time might get

started.

Crop Prospects Good  
In Southern Alberta

A Lethbridge despatch says: Rain has been fairly general in this part of the province during the past month, precipitation for the month being the heaviest for July since 1916, the total being 2.59. Rain was followed by fine growing weather.

The affected districts were so good in condition and the outlook is for a fair to good crop. In Wimberley and Medicine Hat districts and south to the border crops are light as at Coote. Some fall wheat has been cut and harvested.

The first cutting of alfalfa is about completed with the crop slightly above the average. A great deal of work has been done combatting the grasshoppers and the first frost offers a good chance.

Ho, (gaily)—"I'm continually breaking out songs. Sh—(excavating)—"Get the key and you won't have to break in."

—Clark—"This photograph will run for a week without winding it."

Prospective Buyer—"How long will it run if you don't wind it?"

Love your neighbor's phonograph and your own.

Inclusive Lady—"To the Bass Drummer?" "Why do you have that horrid old noisy bass drum in the band?"

Bass Drummer—"If it wasn't for the bass drum you would hear the clarinets."

—Absent Keved Up

Aun' Dumbell—"To his son and daughter?" "Hear," "Ho, Cotton C. Doyle Johnson, yo' take dat key out 'o' you?" "Want to git dockwood?"

stratched arms as he gropes for her. Rachel may stoop to avoid him or may dash from one end of the ring to the other, but may not leave the circle. Jacob may remain in the circle any number of times and Rachel must repeat each.

When Rachel is caught Jacob must guess her name. If he does guess correctly, then he may return to the ring and Rachel must remain in the circle. Otherwise, he must catch the wrong Rachel and she must leave the ring to him. If he does not make a mistake, he must catch the right Rachel and she must remain in the circle. Jacob must then tries to catch him and guess his real name.

The game is made more amusing when the players are children, two or three boys and two girls.

One boy and one girl are in the circle, and the other two boys and girls are outside.

One boy, a boy "Jacob," and one girl, a girl "Rachel" stand in the centre of a circle of players. The object is for Jacob to catch the other player "Rachel" by the sound of her voice.

When Rachel is caught she must guess the right Rachel and the right Rachel must remain in the circle.

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